

mediate ease from pain. Certificates of this fact are, if necessary. This remedy is offered to the public, to give it the preference to every thing else, to give it the preference to every thing else, to give it the preference to every thing else.

of Mr. Robert Gurney, carriage maker, of Portland, of his daughter of a contracted knee, accompanied each vial.

**Superfine Flour of Elm Bark.**  
is a valuable specific in Pleurisy, Diarrhoea, Catarrh, Quinsy, Consumption, inflammation of the chest, throat, &c. &c. Nothing surpasses it for its action as a poultice, for inflamed eyes, bites, cuts, sores in general. This medicine is recommended to all gentlemen in our country for the above complaints to each package.

**Dr. Holman's Cough Syrup.**  
is Syrup is a most valuable medicine for loosening the chest, and for those who are inclined to cough. It is valuable for children, in cases of whooping cough, &c.

For grown persons, take from two to four the case may require. Children from one to two the case may require.

**Vegetable Bitters.**  
is calculated to correct the bile and create by restoring the digestive powers; and may be both as a restorative and to prevent disease. Dose, one vial.

**Holman's Drops for Flu.**  
number of children afflicted with Flu arising from colds, as well as numerous adult cases of falling sickness, have been radically cured by a proper use of this medicine, accompanied each vial.

**Holman's Essence of Cayenne.**  
is a valuable and pleasant preparation, possesses every advantage over that in its crude state.

**Dr. Holman's Cough Powder.**  
is a most valuable remedy for common coughs, and coughs of long standing. It has been used, and is recommended to the public as one of the most valuable medicines now in use.

Take half a teaspoonful in molasses on going to bed.

**Dr. Holman's Jaundice Powders.**  
is one of the best Jaundice preparations now in the market. It warms and cleanses a foul liver, and produces a healthy state of the bile.

It is a most valuable medicine, and is recommended to the public as one of the most valuable medicines now in use.

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# ZION'S HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. VI. No. 50.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1835.

Whole No. 324.

## ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR,  
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ellis, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont.

LETTER VIII.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR—We proceed to consider the arguments in support of your third position, which you thus introduce:

"I stated in the third place, that if the Temperance Society should succeed to the extent of its anticipation, it would be a triumph of infidelity. And this, I think, will be manifest from a very brief examination. God has sent his gospel to bring men to repentance and to virtue. It has been in the world eighteen hundred years, and yet there is not a single sin which does not continue to infect humanity. But the Temperance Society promises, by the simple contrivance of a written pledge, given by men to each other, that the worst of all vices—any, the parent of all crimes—shall be totally banished in one generation."

Truth and accuracy are of some importance; your third proposition is stated thus, "that, if it could succeed, it would be a triumph of infidelity." You did not use these words, "to the extent of its anticipation," in your original proposition. But, if you believe them to be important for the support of it, we shall not question your right to amend its defects. Nevertheless we question the right and the expediency, even in a Bishop, of asserting, that he stated that, which he did not state.

When you began to reflect more gravely upon your third proposition, it very naturally occurred to your mind, that some well informed and judicious persons might be found, who fully believed, that the Temperance Society had already succeeded. Such persons, however, might not be satisfied, that its success had actually brought about the triumph of infidelity. To retain your hold upon such persons, it was good policy in your Reverence, to postpone, as it were, the "triumph of infidelity," until the Temperance Society should have succeeded, "to the extent of its anticipations." And pray, Bishop Hopkins, what is the extent of its anticipations? Do we not hear of the success of the Temperance cause, in every corner of the civilized world? Is not the success of the Temperance Society the subject of universal astonishment? Do we not daily hear the remark, not from his friends and advocates alone, but from thousands, who had once no confidence in the project, that the success of the Temperance cause transcends their utmost expectations? Have not the merchant and the insurer reason to rejoice, at the success of the Temperance Society, on account of the increased measure of confidence with which it has enabled them to look forward to the favorable termination of their enterprise? Look, sir, at that company of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children, whose friends are, at this moment, embarked on those two hundred temperance ships, which are traversing the great wilderness of waters: have they no reason to bless God for the success of the Temperance Society, which has prevailed upon their dearest friends to abandon their vices, and leave them behind? Have not those wives, who have regained their husbands, those orphans, who have found their fathers, those parents, who have received once more into their trembling arms their reviving children, long buried in their trespasses and sins—have they no cause for thanking to the Father of mercy, for that unparalleled success with which he has crowned the glorious enterprise? Does not the fact, that 2,000,000 in the United States have abandoned the use of ardent spirit, speak intelligibly of the success of the Temperance Society? Contemplate the facts—8,000 Temperance Societies exist in our country; State Societies exist in twenty-three States of the Union; 4,000 distilleries have been stopped; more than 8,000 merchants have ceased to sell ardent spirits, and many of them have abandoned the sale of every intoxicating liquor; 12,000 drunkards have been reclaimed; behold the progress of this great work in England, Ireland, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and in various parts of India, as is exhibited on the pages of the Eighth Report of the American Temperance Society.—It also appears, by the Seventh Report of that Society, that, if your Reverence's prophecy should prove true, six thousand churches and five thousand ministers of the gospel in our country, will have labored hard, for the advancement of "the triumph of infidelity."

The absurdity of your doctrine must appear so supremely ridiculous to the great mass of our readers, that we feel half ashamed of our employment. But we are constantly reminded, that you have sanctioned your strange fancies, by the authority of your holy office. It is therefore our duty to proceed. You say, "the Temperance Society promises, by the simple contrivance of a written pledge, given by men to each other, that the worst of all vices—any, the parent of all crimes—shall be totally banished in one generation." Who put those notions into your Reverence's head, we cannot imagine. It cannot be necessary, we trust, to repeat, at any length, our formal denial, that the Temperance Society relies upon the pledge alone. There can be no more conclusive refutation of this assertion than one simple fact; the number of those, who are members of Temperance Societies is about 1,500,000, in the United States; the number of those, who have been persuaded to abandon the use of ardent spirit, through the moral and religious influence of the Society, exceeds 2,000,000; upon 800,000, therefore, at least, the beneficial influence has operated, without any reliance on the pledge, and undoubtedly on many more, who are in a state of approximation to the total abandonment of all intoxicating drinks. Now, sir, your assertion is untrue in every part; it is the Temperance Society promises nothing, "by the simple contrivance of a written pledge," alone. The pledge, when given at all, is not "given by men to each other," as you would have your readers infer, but it is most commonly given, in the house of God, and with higher and holier motives than you seem willing to allow. If there are exceptions,—if infidels and atheists may be found among the members of the Society, is it just or rational to conclude that its success would be the triumph of infidelity? Would it be just or rational to speak disparagingly of the priest-hood, because the state trials of Great Britain shew, that not a single priest, who was a member of the Society, was not a true Christian, and that some of them were even converts to the faith? Is it not a perpetual of which some clergyman has been convicted, and executed?—Neither does the Temperance Society style drunkenness the "parent of all crime." It is asserted, by the Society, with great truth, that a vast proportion of all poverty and wretchedness, crime, insanity, and premature death, originates in the practice of drinking intoxicating liquor. But your

statement is entirely without any foundation; and you cannot be permitted to thrust the words of foolishness into the mouth of the Temperance Society, and then reason uninterruptedly forward, in the same confident style, that you would rightfully employ, if your premises were facts. You would make the Society proclaim, that all crime springs from intemperance. We should be gratified, if there were less of dissingenuousness in this assertion, than we fear there is. Without an unwarrantable degree of your understanding, we cannot bring ourselves to the full belief, that your Reverence knew no better. If all intoxicating liquor were now to be removed from the reach of mankind, or if it never had existed, the heart of man would unquestionably bud, and sprout, and bring forth crime. This truth is so very intelligible, so exceedingly plain,—a denial of this simple principle would be so very absurd, that, with every reflecting mind, the force of your reasoning must be instantly destroyed by the very extravagance of your declaration, that intemperance is proclaimed by the Society to be the "parent of all crime." The effect of intoxicating drink upon the heart is precisely the same as the effect of heat and irrigation upon the earth. The sinfulness of the one and the vegetable productions of the other are thereby advanced to maturity. Alas! Bishop Hopkins, intoxicating drinks and other material substances are not the only promoters of drunkenness and crime. "Every going off from our natural and common temper, and our usual severity of behaviour," says Taylor in his Holy Living, "is a degree of drunkenness."

A man's inordinate and incorrigible vanity may so far intoxicate him, that, under its exciting influence, he may tilt against the Temperance Society, as Don Quixote fell upon the windmills; and as that unfortunate gentleman mistook the agents of the holy brotherhood for goblins, he may mistake the members of the Temperance Society, for atheists and infidels. The drunkenness of ambition has steeped the world in tears and blood. Lust has driven man to the perpetration of adultery. Covetousness produces theft. Revenge begets murder; and so on through the whole catalogue of criminal cause and effect. Nothing, therefore, would be more absurd than that declaration, which you so falsely ascribe to the Temperance Society.

Again,—you affirm that the Temperance Society promises that this "parent of all crime shall be totally banished in one generation." You appear determined to gather as many false statements as you can, in the smallest possible compass. "In one generation!" You have no authority for this assertion. The Temperance Society believes, that their exertions must be continued, from age to age, so long as the struggle shall continue on the earth whether God or Baal shall be the Lord. When the better part of mankind shall have united with the Temperance Society, and when its hands shall have been strengthened by the power of legislation, there can be no doubt, that supplies of intoxicating liquor will continue to be furnished, surreptitiously, to the more worthless portion of our race. The operations of the Society will then drive the petty distillers of the country among the jungles and recesses of the mountains, those secret places, into which they have been driven, by the operation of excise-laws in foreign lands.

Now, sir, here are four assertions of yours, which are entirely false and groundless, in less than the same number of lines. Can it be worth the value of so much printer's ink, as it may cost, to pursue a reasoner, who is so regardless of facts, in the adjustment of his premises? Certainly it would not be, if that reasoner were less than a Bishop. Nor would it be necessary, in the present instance, were it not that you have a wonderful facility of drawing almost any kind of conclusions from all sorts of premises. For example, having settled the matter to your entire satisfaction, that the Temperance Society assumes that to be true, which it never has assumed to be true, namely, that the pledge of abstinence alone is supposed able to destroy the "parent of all crime," you say, it can only be necessary to apply the same engine to the lesser vices." How exceedingly loose and unsatisfactory your opinions in reality are, upon this point, we shall endeavor to exhibit in our next letter.

A MEMBER OF THE PROT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS, &c.

BELOVED BRETHREN—Do we retain the distinctive characteristics of primitive Methodism?

1. With regard to Quarterly Meetings: Conferences: Are all the stewards and class leaders, as well as preachers, inquired of "to take care that every part of our Discipline be enforced?"

2. Do preachers admit into Love Feasts, and class leaders admit into Class Meetings, "strangers about twice or thrice, unless they become members?"

We congratulate our brother on the Boston District, who has already commenced writing, praying, preaching and acting on the subject. Now, in a word, brethren, say, shall we have *uniformity*, or shall we go down with the current? For Zion's sake, for Heaven's sake, let us make a simultaneous effort.

Yours in doctrine and discipline,

ISAAC JENNISON,

PETER SABIN,

REUBEN BOWEN,

JOHN PARKER,

HIRAM CUMMINGS,

GEORGE W. BATES.

Providence District, Dec. 4, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

DEAR BROTHER—Will you do me the kindness, and bleeding humanity the favor, to insert the following in our common Herald. I have taken it from "A Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales," by Rev. Messrs. Reed and Matheson. These volumes are among the most interesting of the kind, I have ever perused, and are, I think, as impartial in their general statements, as could be expected from men of decidedly religious attachments belonging to any denomination. There may be some things, on minor points, in regard to the Methodist Church, and perhaps other Churches, not perfectly correct, but as they were probably written inadvertently, charity can easily find an apology for infirmities which cleave to us all.

**American Slavery.** Do not, Christian reader, be alarmed at the phrase. Hast thou prayed, in secret, to-day? Hast thou told the tale of thine own woes to thine heavenly Father? Canst thou not then listen, for a moment, to a tale of woe, coming from millions of thy race? Such a kindness is befitting thy holiest moments. Suppose a large majority of them are treated kindly,—what is kindness as a compensation for a privation of all those rights most dear to the heart of man. If only a few thousands, or a

few hundreds, yea, only one individual, be subjected to the extreme evils of slavery, ought not every heart to loathe, every voice on earth to be raised against it? And is it true, that the question has been discussed, in America,—whether the slave is more profitable to his owner, if well fed, well clothed, and worked lightly—or if made the most of at once, and exhausted in some eight years? And is "the decision, in favor of the last alternative?" My brother, wilt thou read the following with care? JOTHAM HORTON.

Lynn, Nov. 30, 1835.

LETTER XLI.

I regret that I must turn to other, and very different subjects. In a general notice of this country, especially if that notice profess to be of a moral and religious character, it is impossible to pass, in silence, the condition of the Indian and the African. And it is just as impossible to notice the relative position of these two classes of the people, without strong, but just disapprobation. But the claims of our common humanity are the highest earthly claims we know, and they must not be blinked or disregarded.

Slavery is, at the present time, the question of questions in America. You will be glad to learn that it is so, since extended discussion cannot fail to humanize opinion and bring on a happy consummation. If I glance at the state of the slave, the means used in his favor, and the prospects of a successful issue in the use of such means, you will, perhaps, be sufficiently informed on this most interesting subject.

In referring to the condition of the slave, in this country, it may be well to observe both his legal and actual state. Although the different slave States have various laws, they are essentially the same; and there is, therefore, not much difficulty in extracting the spirit and substance of the whole code of bondage. In the eye of the law, then—

Slavery is hereditary and perpetual to the last moment of the slave's earthly existence, and all his descendants to the latest posterity.

The labor of the slave is compulsory and uncompensated; while the kind of labor, the amount of toil, and the time allowed for rest are dictated solely by the master. No bargain is made, no wages given. A pure despotism governs the "human brute;" and even his covering and provender, both as to quantity and quality, depend entirely on his master's discretion.

The slave being considered a personal chattel, may be sold, or pledged, or leased, at the will of the master. He may be exchanged for marketable commodities, or taken in execution for debts, or taxes, either by a living or a deceased master; sold at auction, "either individually, or in lots to suit the purchaser;" he may remain with his family, or be separated from them forever.

Slaves can make no contracts, and have no legal right to any property, real or personal. Their own honest earnings, and the legacies of friends, belong, in point of law, to their masters.

Neither a slave, nor free colored person, can be a witness against any white or free man, in a court of justice, however atrocious may have been the crimes they have seen him commit; but they may give testimony against a slave or free colored man, even in cases affecting life.

The slave may be punished at his master's discretion,—without trial—without any means of legal redress, whether his offence be real or imaginary; and the master can transfer the same despotic power to any person or persons he may choose to appoint.

The slave is not allowed to resist any free man, under any circumstances; his only safety consists in flight, that his owner may bring suit and recover the price of his body, in case his life is taken, or his limbs rendered unfit for labor.

Slaves cannot redeem themselves, or obtain a change of masters, though cruel treatment may have rendered such a change necessary for their personal safety.

The slave is deemed unworthy of protection in his domestic relations.

The slave is denied the means of knowledge and improvement.

The slave is denied the justice awarded to the white.

There is a monstrous inequality of law and right. What is a trifling fault, in a white man, is considered highly criminal in the slave; the same offences, which cost the white man a few dollars only, are punished, in the slave, with death.

This, then, is the law, or rather the injustice of the case under legal sanctions. But the law may be a dead letter, and the people, to whom it relates, may be in the comparative enjoyment of liberty and happiness. I sincerely wish this could be predicated of the case; but, in many respects, the actual condition of the colored population is worse than the law contemplates; and severe and despotic as it is, it knows no relaxation, except what may spring from individual charity; and where slavery is found, charity does not often dwell. Every variation of the law itself has been against the slave, and the execution has been usually in excess, rather than otherwise. The small remnant of social liberty which these people had, has been dreaded; and it has, therefore, been abridged. Education has been refused to be incompatible with slavery, and it has been refused. To the honor of religion, it has been open to the same objections; and the slaves must not meet to rest their griefs on God, their Maker, unless a white man will condescend to be present, and watch their conduct. One of the highest enormities ever offered to religion, was pronounced by the West Indian planters, when they declared, that slavery and Christianity could not exist together. The American planters are adopting the same declaration; and they are both right—indisputably right. But who could ever have supposed that men, with such an admission on their lips, should commit themselves to the dreadful alternative of sustaining slavery at the expense of Christianity.

Of course, where such a law exists, and where there is a disposition to exceed, rather than relax, the

daily and hourly enormities must be unspendable. The domestic slaves, indeed, often meet with kind treatment, and they as often repay it by sincere attachment. I witnessed many such instances with unmingled pleasure, and was struck to perceive how capable the slave was of generous sentiment, where it had the least place for action. This was often pleaded in mitigation of the system there, as it has been here. It might be very well, if the subject was a mere matter of treatment; but it is not. It is a question of right and wrong, and not a question of more or less. The vice of the question is, that it gives the white man a power which no man is competent to possess, and deprives the slave of a right which makes him less than a man to surrender. To plead that the slave is in a better condition because I hold him in bonds, matches, in effrontery, though not in guilt, the man who justifies a robbery he has committed on your person, by maintaining that your property will be safer in his pocket than in your own.

The field slave, of course, is more exposed to bad treatment; and though much protection is now brought to his aid, by the force of public opinion, there is no doubt that he is mostly submitted to hardships which, if they are proper to brutes, disgrace alike the man who inflicts, and the man who suffers them. In the south, this is especially the case; and it arises naturally from the circumstances in which they are placed. They are bought and sold as cattle; they do the work of cattle; they are provided for, as cattle, till the overseer and owner come to think that they are cattle, and no more. As far as thought is the parent of action, I am persuaded this is, very commonly, the case; and even where thought takes a more settled and philosophical form, instances will sometimes occur. I never thought it possible, that I should meet with a man of education and property, who would seriously argue that his slave, if not a brute, was, at least, not of the human species; but I have found such persons in this country, as, without doubt, I should in the West Indies, and who have invited me to formal discussion on this subject.

In harmony with this, I was told confidentially, and from excellent authority, that, recently, at a meeting of the planters in South Carolina, the question was seriously discussed, whether the slave is more profitable to his owner, if well fed and clothed, and worked lightly—or if made the most of, at once, and exhausted in some eight years. The decision was in favor of the last alternative. That question will, perhaps, make many shudder. But, to my mind, this is not the chief evil. The greater and original evil is, considering the slave as property. If he is only property, then I have some right to ask,—how I may make that property most available?

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN B. ELLIS.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?  
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;  
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh:  
Where the silver stream is flowing nigh:  
And the pure clear drops of its rising spray  
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—  
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel  
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—  
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow:  
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;  
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,  
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?  
Where will flowers bloom in the valley deep;  
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest,  
In purity, over the sleeper's breast:  
Where is heard the voice of the silent dove,  
Breathing notes of deep and undying love;  
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,  
To mock the heart that is resting below;  
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;  
Where wandering Peril loves to rest;  
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,  
Bury her there—bury her there!

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In purity, over the sleeper's



## INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

It is not long since a gentleman was travelling, in one of the coaches of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house to obtain refreshments and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed, that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by a wooden fork from a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed, further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, most, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon an eloquent harangue that had, that day, been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal; but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock, until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adorning, with ingenuity and ability, every thing that could be said pro and con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the modesty and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or, perhaps he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are revolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which, (characteristic of himself,) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." At last, one of the young men remarking, that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, whirled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed,—"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

"If," said the traveller, "a streak of vivid lightning had, at that moment, crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed."

"The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in the order in which it was advanced. Home's sophistry, on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered, than it had already been done by Campbell. And, in the whole lecture, there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered."

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveller, "would be an attempt to paint the sun-beams." "This was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded, that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no—it was the Chief Justice of the United States.—*Winchester Republican.*

ANECDOTE.—The following is found in an ancient History of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of the town of New Haven, some persons went out to what is now the town of Milford, finding the soil very good, they were desirous of effecting a settlement; but the premises were in the peaceful possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of depositing and expelling them. To test the case, a church meeting was called, and the matter was determined by solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes; the first was the following:—

"Voted, That the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

"This was in the affirmative."

"This was also determined like the former, nem. con."

"3d. Voted, We are the saints;"

which passing without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were compelled to evacuate the place, and relinquish their possessions to the rightful owners!

A PARABLE.

1. A certain man going down from Youth to Manhood, fell among grog-shops, where he was stripped of his money, his character, and his friends, and left poor, ragged, and half-dead with disease.

2. And by chance, there came down a certain Moderate Drinker that way, and when he saw him, he scorned him and passed by on the other side.

3. And likewise a Friend of Temperance came where he was, and, when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

4. But a certain Temperance Man, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and wept over him, and besought him, with tears, to repent and reform.

5. And he persuaded him to sit upon his own breast, Total Abstinence, and brought him to his own family, and they took care of him. And, on the morrow, he spoke kindly to him, and offered prayers for him, and departed. Which of the three was neighbor to him who fell among grog-shops.

A GREAT LOSS.

A gentleman, the other day, observed a person who was pretty well "corrected," as the saying is, doing this way and that, like a cow that has been feeding on rum cherries, with his hands behind, upon the flaps of his overcoat, and now and then leaning against a fence, and, apparently stooping down, as if looking for something he had lost. He was evidently ashamed of his situation, and stooped, in this way, to conceal his true condition from the observation of the other. He was not, at the moment, so far gone as to be lost to all feelings of shame. As he stooped down, with one hand upon the rail of the fence, as if searching for something—which position he endeavored to keep till the gentleman had passed, the latter addressed him,—"Well, I say Thomas, what have you lost?"

"Lost!" exclaimed the sot, who now feeling the effect of the liquor more sensibly, had reeled completely over.—"Lost!"—why—yes—(hiccup)—lost nothing—but my balance—be it sure!"

A man who, in this sense, loses nothing but his balance, loses his all. If he is so unfortunate as to lose it but once, let him strain every nerve and muscle to regain and to keep it!—*Nat. Eagle.*

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and everyday affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper, dated half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tomb-stone? It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble; for, like wine, their value increases with their years.

POWERFUL PREACHING.

Some years ago, in one of the frontier settlements of the West, we heard a discourse from a missionary who had just arrived from the East, to convert the Heathen inhabitants of the Valley of Mississippi. In

a low, whining, school-boy tone, he delivered a sermon, in which he lay in wait for his hearers. Towards the close, having occasion to mention the doom of the impenitent,—"These," said he, in a low tone, and any thing but an emphatic manner, "cannot dwell with God; with whom, then, must they dwell?" After a long pause, and, in a still lower tone of voice he repeated,—"With whom must they dwell?" And, in yet lower tone, he replied,—"They must dwell—They must dwell—with whom I like to say they must dwell—(In a whisper.)—They must dwell—with the arch-apostate." In the meanwhile some of the congregation were *re-acting*, and others were gazing around them, and the preacher was almost the only object that appeared to attract no attention. In such circumstances, a Mr. Greedy, a Barnett, or an Axley, would have roared in a voice of thunder,—"They shall be banished from the presence of God! They shall be confined in hell, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. They shall be associated with devils and damned spirits; and the smoke of their torment shall ascend for ever and ever."—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

## ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1835.

## SPECIAL SECRETARIES.

We have received the following expressions of approbation, relative to the suggestion in our last upon this subject. The writers are delegates to the next General Conference, and will, doubtless, exert a salutary influence in favor of the proposed change.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I am much pleased that you have introduced the subject of a Secretary in behalf of the missionary cause. It is true I have never been in favor of multiplying Agents, but in this case I am an exception. I would greatly extend the interests of the missionary cause, and thus extend the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. The arduous duties devolving on the Book Agents and Editors at New York, preclude them from giving that attention to this subject which its importance demands.

Your respectfully,  
D. FULLMORE.  
Boston, Dec. 12, 1835.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I observed in your last number, an editorial paragraph on the subject of a Secretary, for our Missionary Society, on the plan of the American Board of Commissioners, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England. I am gratified that you have taken the same view of the subject, which I have entertained for several years, and also that you have brought the subject before your readers at a time so seasonable. As our General Conference will be in session, in a few months, I hope you will still urge the subject upon the attention of those especially who are to constitute that important body. I think the business of another General Conference cannot be so well conducted, one day in a week. They are of the opinion, that the Society would be a great gain, by pursuing this course.

With regard to future operations, your committee have looked over the map of the world, and can discover at present no field of labor, more inviting and promising, than some portions of South America. Would it not be best to send a missionary, or missionaries, there? Nothing can be more apparent, than the fact, that we ought to fix immediately upon some field of labor, and commence immediate operations.

In conclusion, we exhort the members of this Society, and all others, into whose hands this report may fall, to cultivate in their hearts, and strive to do so in the hearts of others, a missionary spirit. O, let us remember, that it is this spirit, blended with deep personal piety, which is, under the blessing of Heaven, to convert the world! And with the blessing of Heaven, we can do this,—we can do all things! May the Lord succeed and prosper us, and may the glorious day soon dawn upon us, when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad in the Lord, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

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I hereby certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. Roger Smith, late of this city of Norwich, deceased, for more than thirty years,—have had frequent opportunities of conversing with him on the subject of religion, at different times, and under different circumstances, when at work, in my employ, and when sitting by the fire side, and when called to visit his family in deep affliction, under the bereavement of friends by death. He always, and invariably, professed himself a Universalist. Mr. Smith's faith and practice seemed always to correspond; for he seldom attended any religious meeting on the Sabbath, except the Universalist. But, notwithstanding a careless and sinful life in perfect keeping with Universalism, yet, when Mr. Smith was on his death-bed, the Universalist minister went to see him, and prayed with him. With all these facts on my mind, I was very unexpectedly told, just at the close of divine service, on the Sabbath but one before his death, that Mr. Smith was very anxious about himself, and wished me to come and pray with him! I hastened immediately to the chamber of the sick man—and asked him how he did? Mr. Beckwith said, he thought her father some better; but Mr. Smith immediately said,—"I shall never be any better; I shall soon die." I then asked him, how he felt in his mind? If he thought it would be well with him after death? If his sins were forgiven and his soul prepared for heaven? He looked at me with an expression of countenance, which I shall never forget, and said,—"Mr. Bentley, I believe Heaven is a holy place, and that nothing unholy will ever enter there. I am all pollution and full of sin! I want you to pray for me!" I then asked him what, in particular, I should pray for? His answer was,—"Pray for God to have mercy on my poor soul! Do you think there is any mercy for such a sinner as I am?" I told him,—Yes; Christ died for

the chief of sinners; that he never turned away any, who sought him with *penitence and faith*. I exhorted him to pray for himself, and prayed with him.

As I was coming away, he took me by the hand, and thanked me, and begged me to call and see him again, and pray for him, which I did several times. At every subsequent visit, (so far as my recollection serves me,) he did fully and clearly discard all his former delusive notions of being saved without a *change of heart!*

D. N. BENTLEY.  
Norwich City, Conn., Nov. 14th, 1835.

I hereby certify, that my father, Mr. Roger Smith, was, from my earliest remembrance, an open and avowed believer in the doctrines of UNIVERSALISM, always attended upon his meetings when he went to any, and was always considered a Universalist. Mr. Moore visited him about a fortnight before his death, and my father declared to him his belief in, and dependence on the doctrine. When I expressed to him a hope, that he would give it up before he died, he forbade my saying any thing further to him on the subject; stating, that he felt himself perfectly safe. A week before he died, he did renounce his Universalism, and cried for mercy in the greatest agony. He asked, if it would be any satisfaction to me to have Mr. Bentley come to see him? I replied, it would, if he wanted him to come; not otherwise. He replied,—"I do want him, and I want you should send for him." Brother Bentley accordingly came, talked and prayed with him, and he invited him to call again. I also certify, that the account as given in the Zion's Herald, of July 22d, is strictly true respecting him; and I never told Mr. Moore that it was not, but, on the contrary, told him it was true; and the account Mr. Moore has given of a conversation that he says, past between us, is an entire misrepresentation. I made him no such answers as he says I did.

JULIA HYDE.  
Norwich, Nov. 12th, 1835.

I hereby certify, that I was present, and heard the conversation between Mr. Moore and Mrs. Julia Hyde, respecting her father's renunciation of Universalism, and have seen the account of it as published by Mr. Moore, and declare it to be an entire misrepresentation of what passed between them.

CAROLINE ROUTH.  
Norwich, Nov. 12th, 1835.

by us, and forming Missionary Education Societies, and, in some instances, merging our Auxiliaries into those Societies.

Branch







## Poetry.

## THE WATERS OF LIFE.

That holy river's crystal stream,  
Rising where suns forever glow;  
Shining in Calvary's rich beam,  
How peaceful is its gentle flow!

Behold the gushing waves how sweet;  
Coming a world of sin to bless;  
On heathen lands its waters meet,  
Laving the gloomy wilderness.

O how it bears the Christian on,  
To Canaan's calm, unlighted shore,  
Where all the blessed saints have gone,  
To dwell in peace forevermore!

That holy river's crystal stream  
Flows to the heart a living spring,  
To rise to heaven in that bright beam,  
That glids the burning seraph's wing.

Western Methodist.

[From Conder's "Star in the East," &c.]

## THE POOR MAN'S HYMN.

As much have I of worldly good  
As e'er my Master had;  
I diet on as dainty food,  
And am as richly clad,  
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,  
As Mary's Son, and Nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed,  
His home the mountain cave;  
He had not where to lay his head;  
He borrowed e'en his spot;  
Earth yielded him no resting place,  
Her Maker, but she knew him not.

As much the world's goods will I share,  
His favor and applause,  
As He whose blessed name I bear;  
Hated without a cause,  
Despised, rejected, mock'd by pride,  
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I count my Master's foe?  
Why should I fear his frown?  
Why should I seek for rest below,  
Or sigh for brief renown?  
A pilgrim to a better land,  
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

## Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

TO WALKER BOOTH, M. D.

DEAR BROTHER.—The fact is somewhat flattering, that I should have produced something worthy to be "read;" and what is still more, something that should afford "amusement." By way of reciprocating the compliment, I would of serve, that your production has discovered, to me, a new development in your character. I did not, before, know that you possessed so strong a propensity to *misunderstand*. It must be most palpably clear to any one of ordinary comprehension, on reading my remarks which you have honored with a notice, that it was no part of my design to point out the causes of the unusual religious declension, which has prevailed during the past year. But this misapprehension, of yours, has afforded you, I presume, the very opportunity you desired of discussing a subject, the discussion of which, according to your reasoning, has been the principal cause of the evil we mutually deplore;—an evil too, which your *peculiar sagacity* foresaw, must be the inevitable result of the continuation of this discussion. Yours should have been the last hand, to have meddled with a subject so mischievously agitating. But since you have entered the lists, I welcome you to the contest. As you have so widely missed the mark, in relation to my design, I do not feel myself called upon, so much to defend what I have before written, as I do to attempt to convince you of the error into which you have fallen, by showing you that the evil under consideration, is, most obviously, attributable to another and different cause from the one to which you have assigned it. If it could be made to appear, that the discussion of the slavery question is the only extraordinary characteristic of the times, or that this was better calculated, in its nature, to produce a religious declension than any other now existing, then the force of your reasoning must be admitted. But I think I shall be able to show that another cause, better adapted to prevent the success of the gospel than the free discussion of the subject of slavery, has been in operation. I refer to that spirit of anarchy, which has been abroad in our land, bidding defiance to all law, and trampling upon all rights. It may not be improper, here, for me to advert to the means, which have led to so unhappy a state of things. As you have very ingeniously acknowledged, there is an "extensive trade kept up" between the north and the south; and, as a natural result, a "fellow feeling" exists between those interested at the north and the slaveholders of the south. The slaveholders, receiving some indirect and imperfect information of an anti-slavery movement, at the north, became excited. Those individuals at the north, who were interested in keeping up a good understanding with their patrons at the south, fearing that they might be identified with this movement, thought it necessary to adopt some course, calculated to show their friends, at the south, that they were disconnected with it altogether. Hence they declared, in terms, clear and unequivocal, that they were opposed, both to anti-slavery men and anti-slavery measures. And if they had stopped here, it might have been well. But they must proceed further. They must misrepresent the principles and measures of the anti-slavery men. They must represent them as having designs of the foulest and most murderous character. This, very naturally, "spread a general and awful panic through the south," and excited feelings of desperation, horror, and madness. Having once played off the imposition, it must be sustained. It was therefore necessary, that the Abolitionists should be prevented from having a free communication with the south, else the southern people would be disabused, and the current of their indignation would be turned upon the genuine authors of their trouble. The southern people, under the influence of their ill-founded fright, resolved on the adoption of some mode of saving themselves from a universal massacre and other evils of almost equal magnitude with which they supposed themselves threatened. The method, it seems, they hit upon, was, to use their sympathetic friends at the north, as tools to put down the Abolitionists. Their first care was, to secure, as far as practicable, the northern press. In this, they probably succeeded, beyond their most sanguine expectations. For they, doubtless, entertained a high opinion of the inde-

pendence of the Yankee character. But newspaper editors are newspaper editors, all the world over; they have their price, with here and there an honorable exception. Publications, of the true incendiary stamp, were soon issued, in great numbers. These produced the desired effect. They created mobs, and prompted them on to deeds of outrage and violence. Many, who were guilty of no other crime than that of the exercise of the "heaven-derived" right of free discussion, were injured both in their persons and property. All this not being sufficient, they despatched their emissaries to the north, who have been passing to and fro among us, feeling the pulses of our leading politicians, heads of literary institutions, &c; and northern emissaries have also been employed, some of whom have gone so far, as to lecture publicly against abolitionism. Whether they employed themselves, or, were employed by others, I am not able to determine; but most probably the latter—as men are not prone to labor for nothing, and support themselves. By the influence of their incendiary presses, together with their public and private emissaries, the slaveholders have raised a tremendous persecution against the abolitionists. And now, to answer the purpose in hand, it is necessary to inquire, who have been the sufferers? I answer, principally ministers of the gospel, and members of the church. Their attention has, necessarily, been called off from the means of promoting revivals, to the defence of their own persons, property, and rights. If they had been left to the unimpeded exercise of the divine and constitutional right of free discussion, their efforts to vindicate the cause of justice and humanity never would have interfered with their success in winning souls to the Saviour. It, therefore, becomes every one who has been concerned, either directly or indirectly in getting up this wicked and disgraceful persecution, to reflect how they will answer it at the bar of God. I never can believe that God looks with disapprobation on the efforts of his people to convince oppressors, that they ought to "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." This is all that abolitionists have aimed at. It is the head and front of their offending. They have never been guilty of aiming to excite the slaves to insurrection; they have never designed the dissolution of the States; they have never wished to influence Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery, for the slave States; they have never thought of using physical force to effect the abolition of slavery. These are the things with which they have been charged. These are the "hackneyed" misrepresentations, which have "spread a general and awful panic through the south," and kindled up the fires of persecution all over the country. And thus they have been the means of that general religious declension, which is now the subject of lamentation in all the churches. I will leave it to your own candor to decide which of the two causes, in their nature, are best adapted to prevent the success of the gospel—the discussion of the slavery question, or the spirit of anarchy and persecution which has raged, so fearfully, over the length and breadth of the land. I will put it to your own conscience to say, whether simply advocating the civil and religious rights of a portion of the people of this country, would be so offensive to God, that he would frown with indignation upon those who would do it, and refuse to sanction their endeavors to promote his kingdom on the earth. And I will put it to your own conscience to say, whether any thing can be more likely to bring down the vengeful wrath of Almighty God, upon the heads of the guilty, than the spirit of persecution. We need not, however, confine ourselves to the natural tendency of the two causes, in order to determine, which has been the most likely to have produced a spiritual drought. There is also a notorious fact or two, calculated to cast light on this subject. The discussion of the slavery question, you know, has been limited principally to the free States. But the spiritual drought has pervaded the slave, as well as the free States, and has been co-existent with the spirit of persecution. It is also a fact, that, at the south, where the spirit of persecution has raged the highest, the spiritual drought has been the most sorely felt. The discussion of the slavery question, at the north, it is certain, could not have produced this effect at the south. Having thus, to my own satisfaction at least, made out my case, I will dismiss the subject for the present. There are several minor matters, in your production, which I might notice. My object, however, is not to gain the mastery, but to advance the cause of truth and righteousness. I therefore close this epistle, praying that the result of your perusal of it, may be something more than mere "amusement." May your understanding be enlightened, that you may share largely in that wisdom which cometh down from above, that is first pure, then peaceable.

Yours affectionately,

P. CRANDALL.

THE SABBATH.—The happiness of heaven, (Henry observes,) is the constant keeping of a Sabbath. Heaven is called a Sabbath, to make those who love the Sabbath long for heaven, and to make those who long for heaven love Sabbaths.

GRATITUDE.—A very poor, aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation:—"Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and, leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

## A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

Dr. Flint, in his lecture last week, on the anatomy of the brain, illustrated the astonishing influence which the nervous system exercises over the whole corporeal and mental functions, by a well authenticated anecdote which is too remarkable to be lost. He stated that in Berlin, in Prussia, an individual, during a violent dispute with his wife, in the course of which both parties became much enraged, undertook to administer a little salutary chastisement. He struck her, with his hand, a light blow on the back of her neck. The woman instantly fell, and became apparently, immediately deprived of all sensation—and, after various methods were resorted to without success to reanimate her, she was pronounced dead. Grave clothes were provided, and some persons commenced stripping the body of its apparel, in order to array it, preparatory to its interment. On removing a handkerchief from her shoulders, the woman, to the great consternation of all present, started up, assumed a menacing attitude, and proceeded to finish

an opprobrious term which she was applying to her husband when he struck her the blow that appeared to have produced such serious results! It was ascertained, on subsequent investigation, that a pin, which confined a certain portion of her garments to her neck, was, by the force of the blow, driven through the integuments and spine until it reached the spinal marrow, and was the cause of this instantaneous suspension of all the functions of the body and mind. She was restored to consciousness and the full possession of all her faculties, so soon as it was removed.—*Boston Atlas.*

## THE REFORMED FATHER.

Father. Come, darling, take a little toddy,  
It is a cold and rainy day;  
A little's good for any body;  
Come, take a little, child, I pray.

Child. O, father, do not tempt me so;  
I fear I'll love it by and by,  
And then my love will grow and grow,  
Till I shall drink your bottle dry.

Father. Fie, fie! that uncle Charles, I think,  
Has turned you silly quite, and wild;  
Would your dear father tell you drink  
If this would hurt his darling child?

Child. Father, I love you from my heart,  
But O, I fear to taste your brandy;  
The sugar'd dram shall be your part,  
And I will have my sugar candy.  
O, father! tell me what's the matter  
At Mr. Toper's house, just by;  
O, see the little children scater,  
And hear their mother shriek and cry!

Father. Why, child, that lazy, drunken hog  
Has just come home to beat his wife;  
The brute is now so full of grog,  
That all must run to save their life.

Child. And yet when he was young, they say,  
He was as good as any body;  
But every cold or rainy day,  
His father gave the darling toddy.  
Fie, he! he had never tasted,  
Would he have been a drunkard now?  
His credit gone, his money wasted,  
His wife and children sunk in woe!

Father. But ah, my child, he drank too deep,  
He should have stopped at moderation;  
If we in proper limits keep,  
There is no danger in creation.

Child. And, father, I may drink too deep;  
If I should drink your sweeten'd grog;  
And, oh! how would my father weep  
To hear them call me "drunken hog!"  
And, father, don't the Bible say,  
No drunkards shall with Jesus dwell?  
That God will send them far away,  
To sigh and weep in deepest hell?  
I love you, father—that you know,—  
O do not spoil your darling son;  
But should I drink and sink to woe,  
I'll say my father urged me on.

Father. Enough, my son! I've no desire  
To urge you on to woe and pain;  
I'll throw my toddy in the fire,  
And never taste, myself, again.  
My child has rescued me from shame,  
And filled his father's heart with joy;  
Sure I had gained a drunkard's grave,  
But for this precious, darling boy.  
Another drop I will not covet;  
(James, break that filthy demi-john.)  
For when a man begins to love it,  
He is already half undone.

[From Brooks' Letters.]

MELBOURNE, WELLINGTON AND BROUGHAM.  
Lord Melbourne then arose. I felt much curiosity to hear the Prime Minister. He speaks rapidly, is often involved in his sentences—mumbles some—thrashes the bench a little with regular thumps—and is a passable speaker, but nothing remarkable. There is a vein of manly sense though, in what he utters, that commands attention. His air and tone are quite decisive. He commanded great attention; and one phrase, that "no body of men could now trifle with the people," brought forth the "hear," "hear," very boisterously. One man in the gallery near me, was so very frantic with approbation, that the doorkeeper was obliged to take him out.

The Duke of Wellington got up after this. I should have known him by his nose, as well as Brougham, for both have very remarkable noses. Say what they please about the old Duke's want of brains, as a Senator, he is no fool. Speaking is not his trade, I see. He drags his ideas out by main force; and as he has lost his teeth, and therefore speaks indistinctly, appearances are against his eloquence; but, nevertheless, I can see that he is the soul of the opposition. They rally round him. They rely upon him. They "hear," "hear" him, even when he does not say much to be heard. Such a leadership is not surrendered to a man of no senatorial talent. The Duke talks, too, very much in the style in which he would rally a Brigade. He does not argue, so much as he commands. He jerks out his words when they come hard. He is energetic in his manner, but there is no mouthing about him, no regular blows upon the benches. He talks as if he had a job to do, and the quicker it was done, the better. When the words stick in his throat he sputters them out. When he does not pronounce them plainly, he sounds them again. The English language and he are no friends. Verbs with him often have no nominative cases, and the cases sometimes stroll through whole paragraphs after the verbs. Such is a little touch of the oratory of the man who made Bonaparte miss one figure.

Next we had the odd genius, Lord Brougham. The more I see of him, the more I am puzzled to classify him. I met him the other day in some strange antics. This might be made a figure again and again. He rambles about in the House of Lords like a wild colt. As an Austrian General once said of Bonaparte, he despises all rule, all system,—you cannot calculate upon what he is at. Now he would flatter the Duke of Wellington, and anon he would cuff him without much ceremony. He goes off like a rocket, at times, never so brilliant. Then he will flounder and flounder. If a man cries "hear," "hear," just as likely as not he'll stop and thank him. If any one says "no," he'll debate the question by the way, and jump right out of the middle of a sentence. I found him once all wound up in one of his guarded sentences, and he himself was hunting for a corner to get out, but all the time was plunging deeper in,—and deeper and deeper did he get in, working up language in all manner of parentheses, when despairing at last of ever getting out of this maze, he burst out by cutting the gordian knot. Nobody can

report him, or follow him at such times, but on the jump. Association leads him off on every side—and then at last he will come back again. But he is always interesting, always instructive too, because he seems to know every thing. He mingles in every body's talk, "hearing," this one, and "noing" that one, now crying "oh," and anon crying "yes." If this lord says a good thing, he tells him of it. If that a bad one, he lets him know it. He will say a bitter thing with a most good natured voice,—and as for "order," or for doing as other people do, that is the last thing he thinks of. No man commands more attention,—but few have more influence,—and yet no man trifles more with his own power, or hazards it more. He is a *lusus nature*. I can't classify him—but if I were the House of Lords I would give him any thing to get out of it, for he is spoiling their trade, first making them seem mean by way of contrast with him, and next, upsetting all their dignity. Lord Brougham belongs to the House of Commons. It is a pity he ever left there.

THE STORMS OF LIFE.—It is no wonder, that the sails of the bark of life are shivered by the winds, and that the storm rages so furiously as to put the vessel entirely past control, when the avenue of the passions have been opened. It is the valve, at the avenue, that shuts out the impetuous current and storm of the passions; and, how easy it is to keep it shut! But when once thrown open, O! how difficult to close it! The vessel, then, which before sailed placidly along, is now driven, at the mercy of the winds and waves, among the rocks and quicksands. Let not the mariner, in the darkness and horrors that now surround him, impugn the Almighty Ruler of events for the danger to which he now finds himself exposed. The perils, which surround him, are from his own neglect. Why did he, at first, open the avenue to his passions? Why did he suffer Reason to descend from her throne, and mingle with the throng of his unruly appetites, and thus, by depriving herself of her prerogatives, yield to the impulse of the passions, and open the way for storms and destruction to overwhelm her.

COMPLIMENTARY.—An old clergyman, and a rather eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of his services, gave notice to his congregation, that, in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission,—on a mission to the heathen. The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow at this sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed,—"Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the parson, with the greatest sang froid,—"*I don't expect to go out of town.*"—*Bangor Commercial.*

## AMERICAN WOMEN.

The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling:—

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said, "It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest,—America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward, in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk.

"What do you expect to find there?" asked the lady.

"I seek for treason," was the reply.

"You may save yourself the trouble of search, then," said Mrs. Hall; "you may find plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the chamomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance.

"The *rebel flower*," she replied.

"Why was that name given to it?" asked the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "it thrives most when most trampled upon."

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though at the moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliott, having witnessed the activity of an officer who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old muscovy drake, which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure it had been left *altogether by accident*.

The contrivances adopted by the ladies to carry from the British garrison supplies to the gallant defenders of their country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat concealed within, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily been converted into regimental shape, and worn triumphantly in battle. Boots have, in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partisan. I have seen a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of a matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly hid, and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true knight, who did not feel the obligation to defend them to the last extremity.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities towards the patriotic fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with a keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Col. Washington."

"Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to

look behind you at the battle of the Cowpens."—It was in this battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Col. Tarleton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington; and yet I have been told that he is so ignorant a fellow that he can hardly write his own name."

"It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify that he knows how to make his mark."

## POPULAR SCHOOL BOOKS.

RUSSELL, SHATTUCK & CO. give notice that they have purchased twenty-four of the valuable copy right books hitherto published by Carter, Bender & Co., and have added them to their own list of popular books. Intending to devote their attention principally to the publication of valuable books for the use of common schools, high schools and academies, they would respectfully call the attention of the public, and especially teachers and school committees, to the following works, now owned and published by them, as particularly deserving of general approbation, and as applicable to the wants of our public schools:

1. Emerson's National Spelling Book.  
This Spelling book, prepared by H. D. Emerson, late principal of the Adams Grammar School, Boston, is used exclusively in the Boston and Philadelphia public schools, and has been highly approved in New England, New York, and other parts of the United States.

2. Emerson's Introduction to the National Spelling Book, for the use of primary schools.

3. Emerson's New National Spelling Book.

This book may properly be called a revised and improved version of the old National Spelling Book, meaning that now in general use. The improvements principally consist in its exhibiting the modern orthography of certain disputed words, the simplifying of the Key to the vowel sounds, and the additional interpolation of progressive reading lessons illustrated by Cuts. In its present popular and improved form, it is believed to be better adapted to the condition of the common schools of our country, than any other spelling book in use.

The publication of the former 'National Spelling Book' will be continued, so that those instructors who prefer that edition may still be supplied.

4. Emerson's First-Class Reader.

5. Emerson's Second-Class Reader.

6. Emerson's Third-Class Reader.

7. Emerson's Progressive Primer.

These works are prepared by the author of the National Spelling Books; works extensively known, and among the most popular in the United States. They have recently been introduced into all the Public Schools in Philadelphia, and are rapidly coming into use in the Southern and Western States.

8. The North American Arithmetic, Part First—containing Elementary Lessons. By Frederick Emerson, late principal of the Department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston.

This should be used in all grammar schools.

9. The North American Arithmetic, Part Second—containing a complete system of Mental and Written exercises in corresponding chapters. By the same author.

10. The North American Arithmetic, Part Third—containing the higher operations on numbers. By the same author. Emerson's North American Arithmetic has now probably a more extensive use than any other in the United States. It has recently been adopted in all the Public Schools of Boston, instead of Colburn's First Lessons and Sequel; and is highly recommended by the Professors of Mathematics in a large number of Colleges, and by numerous teachers of Academies and common schools; and has also been republished in a new and improved New Brunswick. A Key for the use of teachers is also published.

11. Blake's Second-Class Reader, for schools.

12. Blake's New Universal Geography, for schools and academies, on the principles of analysis and comparison, illustrated with thirty-two copperplate and stereotype maps, besides numerous engravings, tables and diagrams, bound together.

13. Blake's First Lessons in Algebra.

By a vote of the school committee of Boston, this book has been introduced into the public schools of the city. It is also rapidly getting into use elsewhere.

14. Key to the above work for the use of teachers.

15. Blake's Philosophy, edited by Ebenezer Bailey, author of the Algebra, and principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston.

16. First Lessons in Astronomy, by Samuel Worcester, for the use of schools.

17. Young's Astronomy, a new edition just published—a popular work.

18. The Child's History of the United States—designed as a first book of history, for schools and families. By Rev. C. A. Goddard.

19. Goodrich's History of the United States, on a plan adapted to the capacity of youth, and designed to aid memory, by a systematic arrangement and interesting associations; 4th edition, improved from new stereotype plates.

Emerson's Questions to the above work.

20. Whipple's Compend of General History, with numerous corrections and improvements. By Rev. Joseph Emerson.

21. The Academic Speaker, by B. D. Emerson.

22. Cheever's First Lessons in Latin.

23. Gile's First Book in Latin.

24. New Latin Reader, with an interlinear translation. By S. C. Walker.

25. Lempiere's Classical Dictionary; for schools and academies.

26. Child's Own Book of Common Things.

27. Girl's Own Book—By Mrs. Child.

28. W. A. French's French Grammar—improved edition.

29. La Bagatelle, or Easy Lessons in French, for youth.

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35. The Juvenile Speaker, for schools.

36. Nichols' Natural Theology, in familiar conversations, for schools.

37. Chronological Tables, for schools.

Dec. 9. 21

## TRUSSES.

THE Subscriber informs male and individuals afflicted with Hernia or Rupture, that he continues the manufacture and application of TRUSSES, of every description, and has now taken a Shop No. 3, in Seely's Building, up stairs, opposite the estate formerly Gardner Green's, and has also been in the English Museum, Court-street, having for 18 years past, been engaged in the manufacture and making use of these Instruments, and had an opportunity of giving the most satisfactory relief, in cases of Rupture at the Hospital of the Charlestown Almshouse, of which his father has been the keeper for more than 22 years,—and within two years has applied several hundred Trusses to individuals, which have given the most satisfactory relief, and in many cases produced an entire cure—he is now confident he can give every individual relief, who may be disposed to call on him. Separate apartments are provided for the accommodation of individuals calling at the same time, and he has every facility for fitting these important articles.

Trusses repaired at the shortest notice.

\* Refer to Dr. J. C. WALKER, Boston—Dr. WALKER, Charlestown—Dr. ROBBS, Roxbury. J. F. FOSTER.

Nov. 11. 21

## BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

THE Sick read and attend! THE subscriber would give notice to the public generally, and to his friends particularly, that he has opened a Botanic Infirmary in Methuen village, Mass., where he will be happy to receive and attend upon any who may favor him with their patronage.

The subscriber feels confident, from his own experience and observation, that the Thomsonian system is in itself sufficient to meet every disease, and every emergency to which human nature is heir. He has seen fever—that scourge of mankind—low and submit to the powerful effect of vegetable remedies, in the short space of twenty-four hours. If any doubt, let him come and see—and if the system, upon trial, prove good, advise it; but if bad, then, and not till then, discard it.

A female nurse, well qualified for the business, will devote all her time to attending upon the female patients, who may refer to the Infirmary for the recovery of their health.

An assortment of Vegetable Medicines will be kept for sale at the Infirmary, among which are the following articles, viz:—

Restorative Syrup, Rheumatic Drops, Vegetable Purgative, Valuable Bitters, Rheumatic Liniment, &c. &c.

Oct. 7. 3mos. L. H. BENNETT.

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